

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1880.

NO 25.

NEWS NOTES.

—North Pacific, common 29, preferred, 33.

—Only \$1 now from St. Louis to Chicago.

—Pettigrew's majority in Dakota will not fall short of 10,000.

—It is more than probable the democrats will untold John Kelly.

—"329" was a good republican editorial reflecting in Garfield's favor.

—Gen. Grant will engage in mining transactions with ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado.

—Fargo is to have a skating rink 200x60 feet, with Messrs. Gribble & Blake proprietors.

—Haukan and Trickett will row a match Monday next. Betting is in favor of Haukan five to four.

—The republicans came so near carrying Tennessee that its state bonds jumped from \$30 to \$15.

—N. B. Harwood, one of the leading dry goods houses in the northwest, has failed. Liabilities, \$300,000.

—The authorities are ridding the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis of gamblers and houses of ill fame.

—The steamer Rhode Island, of the St. Paul and Northern Pacific, was totally wrecked on Long Island Sound last week.

—Fargo is building an addition to its court house, to accommodate female prisoners and for kitchen and store room purposes.

—The pipes for the Fargo water-works are now being laid and next spring that flourishing city can boast this important metropolitan feature.

—Preparations are already being made for Gen. Garfield's inauguration. The national Tow Path club will be his escort on the occasion.

—Latest reports from Washington fix the house organization as follows: Republicans, 157; democrats, 135; and greenbackers, 4. Whoopee!

—Neil Lane, a saloon keeper at Miles City, undertook to eject a man from his place of business election evening and had his little finger bit off.

—Sara, the Bernhardt, made her debut to an audience of 3000 Monday night. Many distinguished people were present, and the theatrical offerings immense.

—The railroads are at war again and passengers from Chicago to St. Louis but \$1 with proportionate tickets to eastern points. The people are not sorry.

—Although Hancock carries California by a plurality of 222, Terry, one of the Hancock electors, is defeated by 300, giving Garfield one elector from the state sure.

—A man turns up who saw H. L. Morey last winter, and swears on the witness stand that Morey showed him the Chinese letter and that it was genuine. Too late to spring any such dodge against a solid North.

—Private Salvette has commenced letter writing again. His last epistle is to Secretary Sherman, asking him if the would consent to be elected U. S. senator from Ohio. Secretary Sherman replied that he was in the hands of his friends, a significant way of announcing himself a candidate.

—Chas. W. Slayle, of Fairchild, Iowa, Otis P. G. Clark, Newport, R. I., and A. B. Nichols, of Philadelphia, were appointed Tuesday by President Hayes as commissioners to examine and report upon the fifty miles of railroad west of the Missouri river built and accepted by the N. P. this season.

—The Philadelphia American publishes an article which contains considerable favorable comment in political circles. It says that Gen. Garfield is free from any alliances, and that the reported understanding between him and the leaders of the noble 306 in regard to Grant's succession in 1884 is entirely erroneous.

—It is rumored that Jay Gould contemplates running a line northwest from Ogden, Utah to Puget Sound, in order to control a through line to the Pacific coast. The Central Pacific will not bow to him, neither will the Northern Pacific, who control the only available pass through the Rockies on the proposed route, allow this cheeky speculator to encroach upon their rights.

RIVER RIFLES.

Drift Wood Picked up Along the Shore.

Capt. Hermann's Minnie H. winters at Sioux City instead of going to St. Louis.

The Coulson line ways at Yankton are in good repair and are receiving the boats of the line as fast as they arrive.

The Gen. Sherman left Sunday morning for Fort Buford with government freight and military recruits.

Capt. J. H. Maratta is no longer in command of the Gen. Sherman. W. P. Lingo assumes the responsibility and is now on his first trip up the river. Mr. Lingo is an old pilot, and a thorough steamboat man. Mr. Maratta goes east to spend the winter.

The Far West will leave for Pierre this morning with 175 tons, a clean up of all the freight in sight. It is possible that the Meade will be sent up with a load for Pierre if she arrives this week. Otherwise there will be no more boats from this city for up river this season.—*Sioux City Journal* Nov. 6.

The contract for the new transfer for the North Pacific has been let and the boat will be here as soon as possible after navigation opens in the spring. Capt. Wm. Hamlin, of Mound City, who built the present transfer, is the builder. Capt. Wofolk will bring the boat up in the spring. The boat will be used in transportation of supplies on the Yellowstone.

Ne Dispatches.

THE TRIBUNE has waited to day until the last moment for dispatches, but is obliged to go to press without them. It does seem as if fate was against the telegraph company, as trouble is experienced nearly every week in getting news through.

MONTANA AND DAKOTA

TWO TERRITORIES UNITED BY THE NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

The Driving of the Silver Spike on the Line Dividing the Great Territories—The Party and the Speeches and Incidents.

IMPORTANT EVENT.

Wednesday last was an eventful day for the North Pacific railroad, and no less so for Dakota and Montana territories. The advent of the road into Montana was duly celebrated by the driving of two silver spikes upon which was inscribed, "Welcome North Pacific Railroad," and two links with the words, "Dakota to Montana." These spikes were contributed by the people of Montana. One of them will be sent back to Helena as a memento and the other to President Billings, of the North Pacific. The celebration of this event was the idea of General Manager Sargent, upon whose invitation the various newspaper correspondents and friends of the road participated. The use of the business car, the sleeper, "Brainard," and observation car No. 4001, were kindly offered, and throughout the whole trip the indefatigable efforts of the railroad officials to please their guests were every where apparent. Accessions to the party were made at different points and when the line was finally reached the following gentlemen were present to witness the event:

RAILROAD OFFICIALS:
H. E. Sargent, general manager.
D. H. Taylor, superintendent Missouri division.
Col. Clough, assistant engineer North Pacific.
Col. Bausenwein, engineer in charge of construction bridges, etc.
S. N. Keith, locating engineer.
J. W. Kendrick, resident engineer, Yellowstone division.
F. W. D. Holbrook, resident engineer, Mandan.
S. D. Mason, resident engineer, Brainard.
H. Morgan, roadmaster.
E. F. Doran, master mechanic.
R. Reif, engineer.

Among the contractors were S. C. Walker, Jas. Bellows, H. Clark, P. B. Winston, and others, engaged in grading and track-laying, and T. C. Kurz, of the supply store.

THE MILITARY

was well represented, the following being among the number:
Col. Lewis Merrill, major 7th Cavalry, in command of troops on N. P. extension, with headquarters at Camp Huston.
Lieut. H. S. Mann, 17th Infantry.
Lieut. J. C. Gresham, 7th Cavalry.
Lieut. J. M. Burns, 17th Infantry.
Lieut. J. E. McCoy, 7th Infantry.
Lieut. Roberts, 7th Infantry, and Drs. Miller, Steen and Benham, assistant surgeons.

Lieut. Clark, 2d Cavalry, Fort Keogh, arrived in time to participate, having come on horseback from Keogh in thirty-six hours.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND CIVILIANS.

Among the distinguished guests were Prof. N. H. Winchell, of the Minnesota State University.
Dr. P. L. Hatch, president of the Minneapolis Academy of Natural Sciences.
S. M. Cary, St. Paul.
C. H. Dixon, St. Paul.
Col. Wm. Thompson, Geo. P. Flannery, Dr. H. R. Porter and J. F. Wallace, Bismarck.
E. P. Wells, Jamestown.
E. Richards, *Pioneer Press*, St. Paul.
A. C. Caphart, *Fargo Argus*.
A. Gage, *Minneapolis Tribune*.
A. W. Hall, *Fargo Republican*.
J. A. Rea, correspondent, and C. A. Lounsbury and M. H. Jewell, of THE TRIBUNE.

THE LINK.

The special reached the end of the track about noon. A large tent had been placed near the scene and arrangements for dinner made. Col. Bausenwein's flag-staff on the dividing line was a feature of the ceremony, as over the whole proceeding floated the national emblem. At half past one the tie which was to receive the silver spikes was placed in position and the congregation called to order by Engineer S. D. Mason, master of ceremonies. There being no Montanians present to represent that territory Geo. P. Flannery, of Bismarck, was chosen, and the mallet given to him to strike the first blow. Mr. Flannery said: "The Territory of Montana welcomes to her borders the great modern advance agents of civilization—the railroad and locomotive; especially does she welcome the North Pacific railway, and to-day sends greeting to the territory of Dakota and rejoices with her in forming the links in a part of this great transcontinental railroad, which in a few years will unite the North Pacific ocean with the unsalted seas and bind together and cement more closely the common interest of the two great territories of the new northwest, Montana and Dakota."

DAKOTA'S GREETING.

Col. Wm. Thompson, who was chosen to represent Dakota, then took the mallet and said:

"Dakota sends greeting to Montana and the great northwest, and welcomes this evidence of the efficiency and ability to be found in the management and construction of this great transcontinental thoroughfare, the great advance agent of civilization to Montana and the great northwest, so soon to be bound to us by ties of wood and rails of iron, as well as by ties of common interest and common sympathy, pushing on to a common destiny. The occasion is particularly interesting to me, as it occurs on my 67th birthday. I have lived to witness and take part in one of the greatest events that ever occurred in the history of this

or any other country—the driving of these spikes. Dakota now turns over the work to Montana, her sister territory, and hopes it may continue to be blessed by the wonderful energy and marked ability which has thus far characterized its progress; that it may be pushed to speedy completion to the Pacific. By its completion fields in the world have been developed, and which has been opened up, which is being rapidly filled by an industrious, prosperous and happy people—results certain to follow its progress through our sister territory, Montana."

THE CLOSING SCENE.

After this formal recognition of twin relationship, the stars and stripes were run up and three rousing cheers given. Each one in the party by turn then gave the spikes a tap. Mr. Walker, in behalf of the contractor, Prof. Winchell, in behalf of the state of Minnesota, who had watched with interest the courtship of Dakota and Montana until they had reached their majority and had now come to ratify the union and participate in the driving of the spikes, Mr. Richards in behalf of the press, which had recorded and should continue to lend a helping hand in the advancement of this great thoroughfare; Dr. Hatch for the medical department said the members of his profession were always interested in railroads, and he hoped the commercial offspring of this union would be as numerous as the Minnesotians on which the rails rested. Col. Clough, for the engineer department, said that he had been

DREAMING FOR 25 YEARS

of just what he was then doing. P. W. D. Holbrook, principal assistant engineer followed, and Col. Lounsbury, the pioneer editor on the line of the North Pacific in Dakota, took the mallet. S. N. Cary, representing the commercial interests, was followed by Edward Terrell, who spoke for the Northwestern Telegraph Company. He said that when the line should shake hands with the waters of the Pacific and kissing the waters of the Atlantic, it would become one of the best paying lines in America. Col. Merrill, speaking for the military, would be glad when the road was completed; that camp life on the extension would be at an end. Alluding to his work in the south in the kn-klux days, he said he had been engaged in trying states and he was now glad to participate in the tying of these two great territories. P. B. Winston, for the track and bridge builders, said he would wait until he had paid day before making a speech, but he would help drive the spikes now. He was followed by Jas. Bellows, who chipped in for the contractors, and then by E. P. Wells, who said he had recently been interested in voting and now proposed one solid vote of confidence in the North Pacific Railroad. John F. Wallace, on behalf of the farmers said, "here is to the genius that inspired, the wealth that backed, the action that fostered, the labor that built this great road." At this one of the laborers proposed three cheers which were given with a will. For the laborers Mike Moran (Shorby) said he was not a speech maker, but that he was very thankful for the privilege given to help drive the spikes. Frank Denver, one of the spike drivers, then contributed a tip and was followed by Col. Bausenwein and Messrs. S. N. Keith, D. R. Taylor and Geo. Fitzgerald. John A. Rea, register of the United States land office, said he had no speech to make but that he had a tree claim for every one of them. He represented the

LARGEST LAND DISTRICT IN THE WORLD

covering an area of over 50,000 square miles, and containing at least 10,000,000 square acres of the best wheat land in America. A. C. Caphart said he hoped that this portion of the road would soon be lined with villages as thickly as the eastern part. He was followed by Mr. W. Hunt, of the *Fargo Republican*, A. Gage, of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, M. H. Jewell, of the *Bismarck Tribune*, E. F. Doran, master mechanic, H. Morgan, roadmaster, and Capt. Robertson, representing Maj. Combs, in command of troops at the cantonment. Richard Reif was then called to finish the driving. He said he was the oldest engineer on the road and had seen the development from the first survey in 1867 to the present date and hoped to live to see a golden spike driven in Idaho uniting and signaling the completion of the road from both directions. Terrance Mahaky said the driving could not be complete until hit by the sledge which had driven all the spikes on the line of the extension, whereupon he tapped the spike with an eleven pound sledge, used in completing the driving of every spike.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

After partaking of a most excellent lunch in which the festive oyster figured conspicuously, the party gave three cheers for the management, the country executed, the occasion and everything connected therewith which had combined to make the affair a grand success. The special then moved away towards the cantonment at which point it arrived about five o'clock. At eight o'clock Camp Huston was reached and the hospitality of Col. Merrill accepted. A better supper and a more cordial reception was never participated in.

NOTES

In addition to those mentioned were the train men. Engine 58 furnished the power of transportation and engineer H. Hoffacker presided over the destinies of the propeller, assisted by fireman Pat Terry, the regulator of the engine company. Conductor F. J. Horton looked after the safety of the passengers, while P. Stevenson and C. Harrison presided over the brakes. Express messenger R. White was also lucky in having the run that day.

While on the transfer, Tuesday, the party were greeted with a genuine steamboat dinner. It was an impromptu affair, but pronounced by each one as the best meal ever given on a boat. Capt. Wofolk, while being one of the most thorough steamboat men on the river is also one of the most courteous and obliging. That dinner will always be remembered. Post trader Frank Moore at the cantonment Little Missouri, did all in his power to entertain the party while in his province, and was more than successful.

P. B. Winston, Col. Bausenwein and others having in charge the dinner given at the line are entitled to any quantity of credit for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. There were three times the number expected, yet everyone had plenty, even to overflowing.

The generous courtesy extended by General Manager Sargent in the use of his business car for his guests was warmly appreciated by all and as a caterer to the comforts of the party Mr. Sargent was immensely successful.

E. H. Bly and Maj. Kirk were with the party as far as the landing, but they reconsidered and turned back. They are now sorry they did not go.

Paymaster Maynard, U. S. A., was extended the courtesies of the business car from St. Paul to the Little Missouri where he paid off Wednesday, and returned as far as Huston on the special.

The driving of the silver spike was heard in all the telegraph offices from the end of the track to St. Paul. It was an ingenious contrivance. The telegraph wire ended about half a mile from the scene of the celebration but the iron rails served the purpose as well. A wire connected with a piece of copper on the face of the mallet was attached to one rail and the other rail to a ground wire. The spike touched the ground rail and of course each stroke was faithfully recorded by a click of each instrument on the line.

Bad Land Boulders.

The Little Missouri predict cast sixty-eight votes.

Geo. Reed is on his way to Glendive for a buffalo hunt.

Fred Whittier is now with Moore & Co., post traders Little Missouri.

The well water at the Cantonment is excellent, equal to the Missouri.

Frank Moore's hotel is finished and thrown open to the hungry public.

Good judges believe there is crude petroleum in the Bad Lands. Some one should sink a well.

The next jump the supply store makes will be from the Little Missouri into Montana, at Beaver creek.

The soldiers at the cantonment have fenced off a park which excels in beauty any on the line of the road.

The country west of the dividing line, between Montana and Dakota, or the Bad Lands, is a gently rolling prairie and good soil.

The permanent bridge over the Little Missouri is finished all but laying of the cross ties. It is 400 feet long and substantially built.

The burning coal beds in the Bad Lands look very curious at night, and the roar in some places can be heard for several hundred rods.

P. B. Winston, the best looking contractor on the extension, is pushing the track laying and says he prays for good weather every night.

It is difficult to keep men on the grade. As cold weather approaches the men rush into Glendive where there is timber, etc., for building warmer quarters.

T. C. Kurz, of Brunns' supply store, distributes from \$20,000 to \$40,000 each month. Mr. Kurz is a young man of much ability and well liked by every one who knows him.

It has been estimated by competent judges that only one half of the so-called Bad Lands are really bad, the other half being most excellent grazing land, sheltered from storms and severe weather.

Bly's coal mine at the Little Missouri has been worked a distance of 100 feet. It is an eight foot vein but not as good quality of coal as Baby Mine. The mine is situated forty feet above the track and only thirty feet distant. The coal is loaded on the car by means of a slide.

Harry Eaton, a Pittsburgh boy, a friend of Frank Moore, is having a successful hunt. He has killed scores of antelope, deer and mountain sheep. He saves the best specimens of heads to take with him east. Last week he killed a mountain sheep, whose head is now on exhibition at the cantonment. It weighs fifty-two pounds and the horns when fastened to the head are seventeen inches in circumference. He killed a black bear last week which dressed 745 pounds. The head he will have skinned. He also has much horns, measuring six feet and a half across. The Bad Lands is the sportsman's paradise.

OPERA.

The National English Opera Company

Immense Success.

The people of Bismarck have had a rare treat during the past week at Raymond's Hall. Mons. Louis-Nathaniel stands high in his profession. He has a fine physique, a good voice and in every way suited to the role he assumes. Miss Louise Lester is as talented as she is charming, and as bewitching as she is virtuous; sprightly as a cricket; and in short, has captured the town and has held it with a hold as long as she remains. She has been greeted each night with showers of applause and commendatory criticism. The company throughout is first-class and far above the average as seen in leading eastern theatres. This afternoon a grand matinee is announced, and Prince will be presented. This piece will bring a full house, as but few people in this city have yet had the privilege of hearing it. To-morrow afternoon another grand matinee is announced at Fort Lincoln, and to-morrow night the company will return and give the Chances of Normandy. Sunday afternoon, a sacred concert will be given at the post. Many will avail themselves of a pleasant ride to hear this entertainment. Sunday night the company will play Fatinitza at Whiteley's Opera House. This more is made at the request of many citizens as the hall is much more convenient and better adapted to a performance of this kind.

TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

NEWS GORBELED FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

That is What Would Have Been in this Column if the Wires Were Working—However, Army is Substituted—SHOULDER STRAPS.

The rumor that Gen. Sherman was about to retire is false.

Lieut. T. M. Deffres, 5th Infantry, Camp McIntosh, visited the city last Sunday.

Col. Elmer Otis, 7th Cavalry, visited the city yesterday, the guest of Maj. Kirk.

Col. Merrill, 7th Cavalry, is reported to be the best "old sledge" player in the army.

Mrs. Gen. Sherman, who has been ill for some time past, is now nearly fully recovered.

Dr. Cunningham has a six months' leave of absence with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieut. Hardin, 7th Cavalry, Fort Lincoln, and Lieut. Pleasant registered at the Sheridan Tuesday.

Capt. Jas. S. Casey, 5th Infantry, arrived from Fort Keogh Wednesday and proceeded east yesterday.

Capt. Constant Williams, and Lieuts. English and Bull, of Fort Lincoln, came over to the National Opera Wednesday evening.

Capt. Constant Williams, 7th Infantry, Fort Lincoln, and Lieuts. Chance, English and Bell have taken in the opera this week.

Rev. G. W. Dunbar and family, the recently assigned chaplain at Fort Yates, remained a few days at the Sheridan early in the week.

Capt. Josiah Chance availed himself of the National English Opera several evenings. He is yet undecided which it is Girona or Girona.

Lieut. J. E. McCoy, 7th Infantry, went east yesterday on a two weeks' leave. It is rumored that he is soon to be married to a St. Paul lady.

Maj. W. M. Maynard arrived Monday night and will pay Lincoln, Yates, Stevenson and the command on the extension before returning.

The Army and Navy Register congratulates the signal service on its prediction of fair weather election day, three and one-half days previous.

Lieut. Jas. F. Bell, 7th Cavalry, will go east next month. He goes into the details of matrimony with a Miss Buford, niece of Gen. Buford, of Kentucky.

The little boy recently presented by Mrs. Rogers to her husband, Capt. W. P. Rogers, adjutant at Fort Yates, is said to resemble its father most strikingly.

Miss Roma DeRudio, the accomplished daughter of Maj. DeRudio, 7th Cavalry, returned Monday night from a trip east, en route for Fort Meade, at which place her father is stationed.

Capt. Beach, with company "D," 11th Infantry, is now en route to the end of the track on the extension. The company will keep pace with the building the balance of the season, much to the disgust of Capt. Beach.

The Army and Navy Journal says that Old Betz, a Sioux squaw, who died recently at the reputed age of more than a hundred years, had been successively, it is said, the wife of an army officer, of an Indian chief, and of a Methodist missionary.

Lieut. Clark, 7th Cavalry, came in from the extension on the special yesterday, bound for St. Paul. He had just returned to Keogh from an expedition to Fort Assiniboine Indian agency Monday night when he received the sad intelligence that his affianced, a Miss Sanborn, of St. Paul, was dangerously ill. He started on horseback from Keogh Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock and reached the end of the track Wednesday at 1 p. m. He left the end of the track on the special Wednesday night and arrived at St. Paul this morning. This is the quickest time ever made from Fort Keogh to St. Paul.

The Weather.

It will be seen by the accompanying weather report that on the warmest day last month the thermometer reached 80 degrees above zero, or two degrees above summer heat. The coldest was 12 degrees above, and that only for a short time one morning. The mean temperature has been 43 degrees above, or 12 degrees below freezing all the month. There has been but four days on which it stormed, and but a portion of those days were stormy.

THIS OFFICIAL RECORD.

For October, 1880.

Barometer	Highest	Lowest	Mean
Thermometer	80	29.54	50.04
Moisture	89	12	42.3

Barometer	Thermometer
Monthly range of Barometer	2.05
" " " " " "	64
Greatest daily range of " "	42
" " " " " "	7
Mean relative humidity	63.6
Total rainfall	0.27 inch
Prevailing wind	N. W.
Number of clear days	57.4 miles
" " " " " "	11
" " " " " "	9
" " " " " "	1
Number of days on which rain fell	4

CITRUS CHAMBER.

Serg. Sig. Corps, U. S. A.

Laman's Racket.

Dr. W. W. Laman, of the Bismarck and Black Hills railroad, has more "rackets" than one. The *Fargo Republican* says: "The ordinance passed by the city council Tuesday night, granting to W. W. Laman, of New York, the exclusive right to lay gas mains in the streets of Fargo for thirty years; exempts the works from taxation for five years; fixes the maximum price of gas at \$4.50 per 1000 feet and rent or meters at 25cts for the small, and \$1 for the large, per month, and requires Dr. Laman to commence work by the first of June next and to have twenty miles of gas mains laid by the 31st of December, 1881." Mr. Laman is now cast with engineer Clements on business connected with the railroad. The Fargo gas works is but a side speculation.

PURELY PERSONAL.

H. F. Douglass will spend the winter at Yates.

Judge Bowen went east Wednesday morning.

Joe Hare is back again. He cannot stay away.

P. W. Lewis, of Fort Stevenson, is at the Sheridan.

H. F. Douglass, posttrader at Fort Yates, was in town Sunday.

Capt. Maratta, of the Coulson line, will return about the holidays.

Frank Moore is expected in every day with the Bad Land ballot box.

Chas. Thompson, of Baby Mine, returned last night from the east.

Geo. Haly and wife, Minneapolis, accompany Mr. Browning and lady.

W. F. Steele came in from his plantation Wednesday and did the opera.

Chas. H. Dixon, pioneer traveling man, is in the city. He helped drive the spike.

W. J. Ives was looking the landscape over among his patrons in Bismarck, Saturday.

J. W. Gilboy, a brother of Yanktonmaster Gilboy, of this city, registered at the Sheridan Saturday.

Engineer Clough, of the N. P. road, came in from the Little Missouri Monday but returned again.

Rev. I. O. Sloan was over from Mandan this week. "Father Sloan is welcome in every household in Bismarck."

Wm. Courtney, clerk in the Indian department at Fort Berthold agency, accompanied by his wife, is stopping at the Sheridan.

Mr. J. C. Barr, of the Bepton line, will spend the winter at New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago. He will leave the first of next week.

Mr. E. T. Winston returned from Virginia Tuesday night where he was called to attend the death-bed of his wife. Mr. Winston has the sympathy of his many friends and acquaintances.

Jas. Browning, a young man formerly of this city, but now in business, at Deadwood, returned from the east last night and leaves for the hills to night. He brings his new bride, Laura Dague with him from Minneapolis.

Edward Richards, *Pioneer Press*, A. Gage, *Minneapolis Tribune*, A. S. Caphart, *Fargo Argus*, A. W. Hall, *Fargo Republican*, E. P. Wells, *Jamestown Land Journal*, took supper at the Sheridan Monday night.

Prof. Winchell, professor of geology, in the Minnesota State University, at Minneapolis, assistant Chief Engineer E. D. Mason, N. P. R., and General Manager Sargent partook of the hospitalities of the Sheridan Monday night.

Capt. O'Toole, of Fort Keogh, while en his way to Glendive from Miles City, last week fell through a trap door in one of the checks on the way and broke one rib and otherwise bruised his body. The *Journal* says he was brought back in an ambulance.

Miss Nellie Comeford is now stopping with Mrs. Wm. Ives, the fashionable dressmaker and milliner on Third street. Miss Comeford has had long experience at dressmaking and Mrs. Ives is to be congratulated upon securing the services of this young lady.

STEVENSON SPLITTERS.

An Interesting Batch of Personal Matters about the Fort.

Special Correspondence of the Tribune.

FORT STEVENSON, Nov. 6.—A fire caught

A LOVER'S DEPARTING SONG.

BY ROBERT FRANKENSTEIN DOTY.

While blustering winds around me roar
And dash to fragments thoughts of mine,
I muse and ponder with a lover's lore
And ask to back in friendship's shrine.

Small obituary stifle down
That love which I have often shown?
I fear the memory is grown
And harden hearts to hearts of stone?

Can heaven proclaim a blessing rare
And leave an impression on the soul?
Can nature, with her dowers fair,
Teach lessons that are wholly whole?

Yes, yes, dear girl, it can but do
That which will most ennoble man;
It speaks out boldly, and so true,
While nature says: "Do with that van."

"Which seeks to show its lovely power
Upon our lovely, gentle race?
Oh! let me love the 'Praise Flower'—
Ah! let not time her form efface."

Oh! let the jewels of thy heart
Forever shine in radiance fair,
And let not anger send a dart
To make one finger and despair.

And may I say with him who said,
"Oh! cherish gently, strong and long,"
Oh! let thy heart become not dead,
But let it rise up bright and strong!

And picture out to me the way,
That I should travel as I go;
And brighter make my darker day,
Which once was bitterest of woe.

But nay! I know you will not yield
To one who is so very low;
Dream that I must leave the field—
Ah! like the Chinese, I must go!

I do not go with deep regret,
Still wishing that I knew you more;
I hope that you will never forget
The heart that beateth o'er and o'er.

Dear "Flower"—Ah! I would I were
Beside thee close to speak—
I'd press thy hand that is so fair,
And make an impression on thy cheek!

While you are traveling on the road
Of joys, of merry passing youth,
Look out upon the highway broad,
And speak for me a kindly truth!

Good-by, good-by, my happy farewell—
We may not meet again;
The road is rough, but we must bear
The bitter with the sweet!

Good-by, good-by, my lady sweet,
May yours be ever bliss;
On earth mayhap we'll never meet—
I give to thee a kiss.

BRONX, N. Y.

A SUMMER'S TRIP.

BY LIZZIE R. M'KINNEY.

"Pwease, mamma, let Fweddle go. Fweddle likes to go fwisin' too. Fweddle likes to fwis so bad."

And the little 3-year-old stood twirling his tiny straw hat, his great pleading eyes full of tears as he watched his "pweety young mamma," as he called her, pack her valise for an early start, for she and "Fwed's" papa were a very essential part of a very gay party that were to leave the next morning for several weeks' shooting and fishing at the lakes.

"Oh, Fred, dear, run away; don't tease mamma, please, when she is so busy! Here take mamma's boots down to Norah, and tell her to polish them; that's a darling little man."

"But Fwed ain't a man. 'Fwed's' mamma's dear, darling little baby boy! zat's fwat mamma always says, only when she wants Fwed to stay at home. Fwed don't want to be a man. Fwed wants to be a little boy and do wizz mamma. Pwease, mamma!"

And the tears now became full-grown sobs, as he caught her around the neck and clung to her with all the strength of his baby arms, as she leaned forward to hand him the boots.

"Ah! ah! mamma didn't think her boy was such a baby as this! Come, run down stairs now," and she loosened the plump little arms. "Mamma don't want to have to be cross to her little Fred. Run fast, now, and when you come back we'll rock and sing and send nurse clear off and mamma'll put her little boy to bed herself. Won't that be nice?"

And Fred, with a shadow of a smile, though the deep, quivering sighs attested that the cry was not all gone yet, pattered off down stairs, dangleing mamma's dainty boots, intent upon the errand to be performed.

"Why can't you take him?" asked "Papa Harry," who outside of the home circle was known as Dr. Leslie. "It's too bad to leave the poor little fellow, I declare; it takes away all the pleasure of the trip. Come, Min, what do you say? let's take him."

"Well, Dr. Leslie, you may take him and your daughter, too, if you desire; she is only two years older, and is doubtless as anxious to 'fwis' as Fred is. But, as for me, I want a little recreation and rest, and if you take them you will assume the entire responsibility—babies, aurse and all. You gentlemen talk very magnanimously indeed, but you take a mother's place for just one week, and the probability is that you would not run away for a little while, but altogether. I do truly believe that I don't take a half dozen steps a day when at home that either Fred or Bess, or both, are not after me. I sometimes think if there was a single place about the premises that I could slip to for just two minutes and be alone, I should be extremely grateful. Yesterday, I laid down for a short nap, and hadn't more than got settled and closed my eyes when I felt a scrambling on the side of the bed, and in a moment Fred's arms were around my neck and his little hand patting me on the cheek, as he nestled up close and whispered: "Mamma dothe you lug your little Fwed?" with such irresistible sweetness that I of course said "good-by to sleep," and turned to receive his caresses; and, in fact, that is the way my naps usually end; both he and Bess usually take that time to assure me of their affection, bless their innocent hearts. But still, I do really get nervous and tired sometimes."

"Well, little wife, I do sympathize with you and all the rest of womankind in all your trials and vexations," said Dr. Leslie, as with a caressing movement he drew his wife to him. "But then, dear, this would be a desolate world to us without our babies, after all. But I presume they will do very well without us for a little while. The best place for children, after all, is at home, and Norah seems to be perfectly good and trusty; so don't worry about it. I know you do need rest; and we want a little more of the old color here, too," and he playfully pinched the slightly tinted cheeks.

"I am sure, Harry, that you know there are none who sacrifice themselves to their children more than I do," continued Mrs. Leslie. "There is Mrs. Col. Brightwold scolds me continually; she scarcely sees her children day in and day out—leaves them almost en-

tirely to their old black nurse. She often laughs, and says they think more of Mamma than they do of her; and Mrs. Eaton, you never see her with her children—the nurse always has charge of them."

"Well, I don't think any one will have charge of that baby of hers very long; it is a beautiful child, but the most fragile little thing I ever saw. Last night, just at dusk, its nurse laid it out, and when I passed it it was sitting in its perambulator alone on the edge of the sidewalk, in a little covey of a dress of embroidery and lace—the poor little thing!—perfectly blue in the chilliness of the damp evening air, without a thing on its head or around it; the nurse at a neighboring gate, wrapped in a handsome crimson shawl, doubtless the property of the baby, which she had appropriated when a safe distance from home. But I am humbly thankful that my wife possesses neither the heart nor the conscience of either Mrs. Brighton or Mrs. Eaton, and do you know, dear, that it pains me exceedingly to hear you speak of them as examples of mothers? for the name, as applied to them, is simply a mockery. My prayer is that God may ever preserve you from any temptation which might lead you in the footsteps of either. But there comes Fred for his promised rock and swing," and, catching up the little fellow, he placed him in his mother's arms, and, kissing both, left them for a little while to attend to some necessary matter of business.

The next evening found our friends seated just outside of the great tent which had spread its white wings under the noble old pines skirting the lake shore. There in the quiet peacefulness of that midsummer evening, the moon shining benignly down upon the shadowy scene, seemed a fitting place in its grand solitude for the forgetfulness of all cares and anxieties, and a merry party indeed was here assembled, as the lively chatter, social converse, music and song fully attested. But this, the first evening, they separated early to retire to rest, of which they all felt the need after the long day's travel.

"Why, Min dear, what means this long face and subdued air?" asked Dr. Leslie, coming suddenly upon his wife, as she stood waiting for him at the tent door; "seems to me this is the last place in the world for a long face, surrounded as we are by the beauty and sublime grandeur of this exquisite lakeside scenery. Look at that broad expanse of water with its multitude of waves, murmuring and whispering to each other as they meet only to part in a thousand shining crystals, and these trees too, these great majestic trees, swaying, almost moaning; their whispered chant scarcely audible above the accompaniment of the tossing, frolicsome waves. Why, little wife, what could be more grand or delightful, and only a few short weeks to enjoy it all! Come, brighten up, we must enjoy every moment to show our appreciation and thankfulness to the Giver of all good."

"Yes, I know, but it's all so still and solemn, it almost makes me 'so fwaidd,' as Fred says, when he cuddles up so close in the night," and Minnie Leslie slipped her hand in her husband's arm and drew closer. "And I can't help but think how disappointed Bess and Fred must have been this morning, when they got up and found papa and mamma gone. But I guess I'm about as big a baby as either of them after all," and she laughed a little faint sort of a laugh. "But I'll be all right in the morning. My little molehills that I would scarcely give a thought to during the day would become mountains at night, from the days of my babyhood."

"Oh, yes, all you need is a little rest; you're tired and nervous to-night; to-morrow you'll be all right."

And sure enough, on the morrow not one gayer in the party could be found; all cars were thrown to the breeze with the first rays of the morning sun; and that day, a fair sample of those that followed, was one of unalloyed enjoyment. Fishing, shooting, rowing, the programme for the day, finished with music and dancing in the evening. And into the spirit of it all she entered with all the zest of her ever-exuberant nature; not one could take a steadier aim, or row a boat more skillfully, for Minnie Leslie, in her girlhood days, had developed a decided disposition to be what some proper persons term "fast," until tamed by the love of her grave, noble-hearted husband, who, though he admired the bright, wild, winsome ways, loved her for the warm, true heart, which he knew existed and beat far away in the depths of a true womanly nature. With a letter every day or so from home, apprising the parents of the welfare of the little ones, the days glided by in uninterrupted pleasure. The weeks are gone and we again peep into the home where mamma and papa are now expected. Although several hours before time for the train, we find Norah preparing the little ones for their advent, which, indeed, was no easy task. Perfectly wild with delight, it was utterly impossible for them to stand still two minutes at a time; but, finally, the task was finished, and Bess and Fred stood waiting in the parlor, looking very much more like fairies in their dainty muslins, ribbons, and slippers, than the two veritable flesh-and-blood children who, just before their debut into the bath-tub, had resembled very much the African species of humanity, having been engaged for the last hour or so in the very entertaining and diverting occupation of piling coal dust on each other's heads for the express purpose of watching it roll down their faces and over their little white dresses, all of which they thoroughly enjoyed, judging from the shriek of merriment proceeding from the couch-house, where Norah had finally discovered them; and now, to be imprisoned in the parlor in this princely new condition for an hour or two was more than the human nature of two such wee tots could stand. They concluded that Norah's presence would help matters considerably, and proceeded at once to call her, but, as no answer came to Fred's stentorian "Nowah, Nowah," they concluded to go in search of her. The bath-room being the last place where they had seen her, consequently to it they repaired, but nothing greeted them there save the great bath-tub, which stood invitingly full of water. "Well, I wonder where Nowah is. Mamma always tells her her must 'muse' as when we dressed up, so we don't get dirty."

now she's wunned off, so we must 'muse' our own selves, is 'pose. Let's do fwisin' in 'is bid baf tub, Bess, till mamma comes, and here's a whole spool of thread; we can have great long lines," continued he, running to the window. "Nowah always gives us such wee short lines."

"But these 'are too long," suggested Bess.

"Oh, no, wey ain't, only 'e baf tub's too short. I wish we had a great long wiver to fwis in; but, oh! Bess," he cried, jumping up and down gleefully. "Nowah's don an' 'lef the cwistern open. We can go an' fwis in 'at, 'en our lines won't be too long," and away bounded both children. And all was quiet the next half, when suddenly the neighborhood was aroused by one prolonged agonized shriek, and hurrying in the direction of the sound the neighbors found Norah in a dead faint just beside the open cistern, and little Bess rubbing her eyes in awestruck wonder waking from a nap she had been taking on the shaded grass just a short distance beyond. And peering into the great open-mouthed cistern nothing was to be seen there save a little white sailor hat floating slowly and silently on the unrippled surface. And when a few moments later the front door of the handsome house opened and Minnie Leslie came bounding upstairs, calling gleefully for her pets, she was met by pale, awestruck faces which seemed filled with dread and fear as she approached.

"Why, friends," she cried, then suddenly a consciousness of some dire evil seemed to take possession of her, and, growing deadly pale she pitiously asked, "My babies, are they sick?" As she laid her hand on the door of her room, but before she could turn the knob, a kindly hand was laid on hers to draw her away, but she emphatically threw it off and pushed on into the room. Occupied only by the silent figure of little Fred, stretched on his tiny white bed, and from whose limp, still body still trickled the little rivulets of water, the long yellow curls—now straight and reaching below the little, plump waist—the white dress, broad sash and tiny blue slippers, the busy little hands all so cold, wet and still, met the gaze of the mother whose agonized shrieks again and again rang through the great, still house as she bounded across the room and caught the little one in her arms, begging, pleading, oh, so pitiously! for just one word—to wake up and say "Mamma" just once more.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! won't you never put your little warm arms around my neck again, and ask in your sweet little way, 'Mamma, doth you lug me?' and wait for the answer of kisses, which was always yours; for, my darling, I did love you! God knows I loved my baby boy! but why—why did I ever leave you? If I had stayed with my babies, God would never have sent this cruel punishment!"

So she talked and moaned the whole night through, holding fast to the little, lifeless form—all efforts to take him away proving unavailing—and not until the first day-dawn did the bright, glittering eyes once close; then, suddenly, came the blessed swoon, and she lay passive and helpless in her husband's arms, unconscious of her sorrow and the agony with which his own heart was well-nigh bursting, but smothering for her sake, and, in the months that followed, when her life was given back after the raging delirium of the long weeks of brain fever, and she moved about the house a mere shadow of herself, she learned to lean upon the strong arm of a kind father, who, though he chasteneth, still loveth, and, in time, she grew the cheerful, smiling Minnie of old, and she thought of her little one only as an inmate of that bright, beautiful city where "Never sets the sun nor fades the leaf." Though she still pales slightly and answers tenderly, "I can't leave my little ones," if asked by a stranger to her experience if she contemplates a summer trip.

The Law of Entail.

Much misapprehension exists in this country as to the present powers of entail in England. There is no such thing as a law of primogeniture, except in so far that if a man die intestate his real estate would pass to his eldest son, except in Kent, where it would be divided among all his sons. Up to the close of the last century the power of entail was illimitable. It was curtailed in consequence of the extraordinary will made by a merchant named Thellusson, of Swiss origin, who accumulated a vast fortune in London, partly by buying up jewels from French emigres at the time of the great revolution. Mr. Thellusson intended his money to accumulate until it would have reached about \$700,000,000. The Government, deeming it undesirable that any subject should possess wealth so colossal, introduced a bill limiting entail to living persons and twenty-one years afterward. This is not much greater than the power of entail in New York, and almost identical with that in Massachusetts. Many estates in and around New York—the Lefferts, Rhinelander, for example—are entailed. In England hundreds of great properties are completely unentailed, and it is purely the custom, not the law, of the country which will cause them to be transmitted to the eldest son. Men who are very liberal in politics favor the custom, because they think that it keeps up the position of a family, and that were an estate divided up in the next generation none would be better for such division. It is not generally understood here that the law in England permits a man to leave his property precisely as he pleases, and that a Duke can leave all to his footman. The great estates, for instance, of the Duke of Hamilton, Premier Duke of Scotland, were, up to the time of his marriage, absolutely unentailed. This came out of some law proceedings.—*London Times.*

MR. AND MRS. AMES, of San Francisco, agreed that they were unsuited to each other, and that a separation was desirable, but how to obtain a divorce was puzzling, because neither had a grievance that would stand the test of the law. Their conclusion was that the husband should give the wife ground for complaint by whipping her; so he amiably knocked her down, and she got the divorce.

SINCE the opening of the Washington headquarters at Valley Forge, they have been visited daily by tourists, and now the register contains page after page of names.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Our Baby.

Two little shoes,
Out at the toes,
Trotting about
Where'er mother goes;
Gilded gingham dress,
Put on just now—
They do get so dirty,
No one knows how;
Little black face,
Black each wee hand—
Been musing mid pie,
And playing in sand,
Dear, precious head,
Tousled and rough;
Bright, laughing eyes,
Can't see enough;
This is our baby,
All day.

Two little feet,
Roozy and bare,
Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Back-ribbed with hair;
Gilt baby face,
Dimpled and fair;
Pansy blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Silvery sweet voice,
Lisp-ling—"Father, us keep!"
This is our baby
At night.

NELLIE E. BARBER.

Old Hannibal.

"No, mother," said Col. Dunway to his wife, at the breakfast table, "I shall ride the black colt on parade to-day. Hannibal is too fat and too old."

"Too old? He and Barry are just of an age."

"And Barry's only a little colt yet? Well, you may bring him and Prue out to the grand review in the afternoon, but I guess I'll ride the black this morning. You can put Hannibal in the carryall. Perhaps he'd like to take a look again at a regiment of troops in line."

Barry and Prue listened with all their ears. They knew there was to be a grand parade of soldiers that day, and they were prouder than they knew how to tell of the fact that their father was to wear a uniform, and ride a horse, and give orders to some of the men.

"Prue," said Barry, "father's going to 'speak' them."

"In-speak them," whispered Prue, correcting him. "Nobody else knows how."

That might be, for Col. Dunway had been an officer of the regular army, and he was now Colonel of a regiment of militia; but there was one thing he had said that puzzled Barry and Prue dreadfully.

"Barry," said Prue, after breakfast, "is Nibble old?"

"Father says he is."

"And he said he was fat."

"Dr. Barnes is old, and he's fat."

"But his head's bare."

"Nibble isn't bald, and he isn't gray, either."

"He's brown."

Mrs. Dunway had told the exact truth about Hannibal, or Nibble, as the children called him. He and Barry were just of an age, and he had been a mere 2-years-old colt when Prue was a baby in her cradle. It was after that that Col. Dunway had taken Hannibal with him to the army and brought him home again. He had been a war-horse, the Colonel said, and so it would not do to turn him into a plow-horse, and the consequence was that Nibble did not have enough work to do, and he grew fat too fast. Yet he and Barry were only 9 years old apiece. That made eighteen years between them; and, if you added seven years for Prue, it would only have made twenty-five, and everybody knows that is not very old, if you had given them all to Hannibal. Barry and Prue would have given him almost anything they had, for he was a great friend and crony of theirs.

"Prue," said Barry, "let's go out to the barn. I've got an apple."

"He can have my bun."

What there was left of it, that meant, for Prue's little white teeth had been at work on the bun. That had been a troubled morning for Hannibal. Before he had finished his breakfast a party of men rode by the house, and one of them was playing on a bugle. He had set Hannibal's mind at work upon army matters and war; so when Barry and Prue came to see him he would not even nibble. He smelled of the apple, and he looked at the bun, but that was all.

"He's getting old," said Barry.

"And fat," added Prue.

"Tell you what, Prue, let's take him out into the lot. I know mother'd let us."

That was likely, for Mrs. Dunway always kept safer about them if Nibble were keeping them company.

"I'll get on his back."

"And I'll lead him. Wait till I fix the halter."

Prue climbed up on the side of the stall where Nibble was, and he stood perfectly still while she clambered over to her place on his back. Barry knew exactly what to do, and the old war-horse began to think he did himself. He must have been thinking, for he half closed one eye as he was walking out, and opened the other very wide, with a wonderfully knowing look. He was looking down the lane, and he saw that the front gate was open, and just at that moment there came up the road, very faint and sweet, the music of the cavalry bugle.

"Nibble! Nibble!" exclaimed Barry, "where are you going?"

Hannibal did not answer a word, but walked on down the lane very fast indeed, and Barry lost hold of the halter. As for Prue, she was not scared a particle, for she had ridden in that way many a time, and her confidence in herself and old Nibble was unbounded.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck—get-up."

"Stop, Prue, stop! He's going faster."

"Get-up! Come, Barry. Oh, there's mother at the window!"

Mrs. Dunway was not frightened any more than Prue, for she said to herself: "Too old, indeed! Well, they're more like three children, when they're together, than anything else. I'm glad he is fat. He won't go too fast for Prue."

He was in the road now, and he seemed disposed to keep Barry from again getting hold of that halter.

"Oh, dear," said Barry, "the parade-ground's down there."

Hannibal knew that, by the music, and he was almost trotting now. In fact, he was looking younger and younger, somehow, every minute, and Barry felt more and more as if he ought to have hold of the halter, instead of merely running alongside and shouting to Prue.

The regiment was drawn up on the great bare field where the review was to be that afternoon, and they looked splendidly. Col. Dunway was saying

so, as he sat in front of them, on his handsome black colt, and a number of other officers who were riding with him said the same, and so did the ladies who were keeping them company.

Just then the bugle sounded again, from the head of the column, and Prue had to hold on hard, for Hannibal suddenly began to canter, and he answered the music with a loud, clear whinny of delight. Barry was half out of breath with running, but he kept up with the other two, and in a moment more Hannibal halted, proudly arching his neck, and treading daintily upon the grass, right in front of the regiment.

"I declare," exclaimed Col. Dunway, "the old fellow has come to review the troops."

"So has Prue," said one of the officers.

Barry hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, but the soldiers suddenly broke out in a wild "hurrah."

They were cheering Prue and her war-horse, and Col. Dunway himself was compelled to let the "three children" stay and keep the place Hannibal chose for them at the head of the regiment.

There was plenty of apples for Nibble that day.

How Dr. Potts Pulled Through.

Young Gluckerson met old Judge Van Snyder on the ferry, and, after shaking hands respectfully with that venerable friend of the family, said, casually:

"Did you hear of that terrible accident up at Potts' the other night?"

"Accident! Why, my dear young friend, no. Nothing serious, I hope?" said the Judge, much interested.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said Gluckerson in a mournful voice. "You see, the old doctor was out until about 2 in the morning attending some patients, and, supposing he would be hungry when he came in, Mrs. Potts put a large pan of mush and milk—the doctor's favorite dish, you know—under the stove to keep warm for him."

"Yes! yes!" said the Judge eagerly, as Gluckerson stopped to light a cigar.

"Go on—what then?"

Well, the doctor came in after a while and went groping round in the dark for his mush—couldn't find a match, you know—and, as luck would have it, he picked up instead a pan containing bread, put there to raise over night. He was too tired to notice the difference—besides he had taken two or three nips as he drove round, and so he actually ate up all the dough!"

"Gracious!" said the Judge.

"It's a fact, though. Well, toward morning the doctor began to swell, and swell—the yeast was just getting its work in, you know—and pretty soon the whole family was up and rushing around half distracted. The doctor kept on groaning and shrieking and swelling, until he looked like a Saratoga trunk. At last they found out what he had done, and the whole family piled right on top of him, and sat there while they sent for a cooper."

"A cooper?"

"Yes, you see they saw at once that unless something was done the doctor would burst before morning. So the cooper started in and put nine of those big half-inch beer-keg hoops around his stomach. Of course that stopped the swelling, and, by keeping a tin tub down his throat for gas to escape, he just managed to pull through."

"Oh, the doctor pulled through, did he?"

"Oh! yes; he's all right now, excepting—"

"Excuse me," said the Judge grimly, as he took out his note book, "but will you favor me with your middle name in full. They are getting up a model for the champion liar in the State, by order of the Governor, and I think I'll send in your—"

But the boat had landed and the promising young candidate had melted away in the crowd.—*San Francisco Post.*

Rhymes of Animals.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: I strung the following lines together to tickle the ears of my little boys, 4 and 6 years old. They tease their mamma to read it over and over again, and they fetch the big illustrated dictionary to have her point out the animals with such strange names, and tell what she can about them. This fancy for rhyme and rhythm is, I suppose, a characteristic of nearly all children, and perhaps the publication of this will amuse a wider circle than my little household. The aim has been, after euphony, to have the most incongruous animals in juxtaposition:

Alligator, Beetle, Porcupine, Whale, Bobolink, Panther, Dragonfly, Snail, Crocodile, Monkey, Buffalo, Hare, Brocton, Leopard, Mudpole, Bear, Elephant, Badger, Poican, Ox, Flyingfish, Reander, Anacoda, Fox, Gnuisepig, Dolphin, Antelope, Goose, Hummingbird, Weasel, Pickered, Moose, Tox, Rhinoceros, Owl, Kangaroo, Jackal, Opossum, Toad, Coati, Kingfisher, Peacock, Antelope, Bat, Lizard, Ichneumon, Honeybee, Rat, Mockingbird, Camel, Grasshopper, Moose, Nightingale, Spider, Cuttlefish, Grouse, Ocelot, Pheasant, Wolverine, Auk, Porcupine, Ermine, Katsud, Hawk, Quail, Hippopotamus, Armadillo, Mole, Hattlesnake, Lion, Woodpecker, Bloth, Salamander, Goldfish, Angletworm, Dog, Tiger, Flamingo, Scorpion, Frog, Unicorn, Ostrich, Nantula, Mole, Viper, Gonna, Banash, Sole, Whippoorwill, Beaver, Centipede, Pawn, Yanlio, Canary, Poliwog, Swan, Yellowhammer, Eagle, Hare, Lark, Zebra, Chameleon, Butterfly, Shark.

It Was Alfonso.

A well-dressed young man entered a Madrid shop, and, after walking uneasily about for a time, asked: "Have you any watches with India-rubber cases?" The astonished shop-keeper answered in the negative. The youth shambled up and down the floor a few times and again said: "You haven't any rattle-boxes with diamond handles, I suppose?" "No, sir," said the s. k. "How young does a child begin to use a velocipede?" asked the youth. "It depends a good deal on the kid," was the answer; "some begin young, some don't." "Would you sell me a three-wheeled one and change it for a two-wheeled one if it was a girl?" "Couldn't do it," came the curt response. The youth went out, and the shop-keeper reposes in the lowest dungeon of the castle. It was the King of Spain.

SMOKING is to be prohibited among West Point cadets. Hazing will go on as usual.

DEAD.

BY ALMA LATTIN.

Within the down-lined casket she was laid,
Without a tear, without a moan;
The crimson life-blood of my heart seemed stayed,
The light to deepest darkness grown.

I laid my darling down without a sigh,
For grief for words was all too deep;
I gushed her heart could only send one cry,
"O God, in heaven my darling keep!"

"I cannot lose her; she's my only one;
Oh, let me to her, Lord, I pray!"
But ah! the golden light of setting sun
Shone on her fair, but lifeless, clay.

I know my darling's shining form will wait
Beyond this world, where grief's dark night
Enshrouds my saddened life, at heaven's gate,
I'll meet my child where all is light.

He Was Lying.

There was a row in a saloon on the Strand, and a middle-aged man was forcibly ejected. A reporter was deputed to find out the facts, which furnished an amusing incident of the campaign.

There was quite a crowd in the saloon talking politics. The shabbiest man pushed his way in, and seemed to take an absorbing interest in the discussion. One gentleman said:

"Hancock will get nine-tenths of the Federal soldiers."

"You are right," said the seedy man, in a loud, sonorous voice, clapping the speaker on the shoulder. "You just bet he will scoop 'em. I am an ex-Federal soldier myself, and I'll vote for old Hancock."

The attention of the crowd was directed to the patriotic soldier.

"Were you in Hancock's corps?"

"Gentlemen," said the seedy man, running his arm through the hole in his hat, "I have voted the Republican ticket all my life, but next November my vote goes for my old commander. I may not like his politics, and they may say he puts on style, but when a General of the United States army gets off his horse to help me when I am lying helpless on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, I am going to vote for him, anyhow."

"Hurrah for Hancock!" shouted the crowd.

"Will you join us?" asked several enthusiasts of the grateful soldier, as they advanced in solid column on the bar. The healths of Hancock and English were drunk with enthusiasm several times.

"Hand out some of those high-priced cigars," said another enthusiast... to the barkeeper. The ex-Federal took half a dozen.

"I've a great notion," said another enthusiast, holding the Hancock man off at arm's length, and surveying him from top to bottom, "I've a great notion to make you a present of a new suit of clothes."

"Were you badly wounded?" asked another sympathetic enthusiast.

"I was lying on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, weak and faint from loss of blood, with my leg shattered by a rebel—I mean a hostile cannon ball. I had fallen early in the fight."

The earnest crowd gathered close around the patriot to catch every word.

"Gen. Meade has given orders to advance and drive the rebel—I mean the hostile foe—from his position. Just as I was expecting to be trampled under foot, up rode Gens. Hancock and English."

"English!" bawled the crowd.

"Yes, Gens. Hancock and English, riding side by side, just as you see their pictures, only they had their swords drawn. I was lying weak and helpless on—"

And so it was, but this time it was not on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, but on the hard pavement, slippery with tobacco-juice.

He got up and shuffled down the street, muttering, "It seems to me English don't bring as much strength to the ticket as I thought he would."—*Galveston News.*

Landing a Shark.

If you ever lived on a farm and had a reluctant cow to turn when she wanted to go into the woods on both sides of the road and climb trees, you know what it is to haul in a shark. You yell all the time. Must yell from the time the hook catches until the shark is in, or you'll never get him. And the rest of the crew help him. They shout encouraging remarks at you. Hand over hand you tug at the line. Inch by inch the shark takes it out. You rally, and brace your feet against the gunwale, and in he comes again. You think you must have about 500 fathoms of line out. You begin to wish you were a windlass. You puff and yell, and pant, and howl, and strain, and shout, and pull, and shriek, and sweat, and wail, and surge, and haul, and yank, and all the time that provoking shark is just holding back with the steady, unswerving, aggravating reticence of a balky mule on a July hillside, and over and through your own articulate shoutings you can hear the rest of the crew:

"Lift him up, Judge; lift him right out of the water."

"Hang on to him, Hawk-Eye; raise him, raise him!"

"Puff louder, Colonel, and you'll fetch him!"

"Robbie," chimed in her little serene Highness from her lofty seat, "don't step on your eyes."

And, indeed, my organs of vision were standing out and looking at each other in great amazement over the top of my nose, having never seen each other before, and being greatly surprised to find they were twins.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Personal Security.

"Will you do me a favor?" said young Brooks to his wealthy friend, Simon Hansom. "What is it, John?"

"Hansom, I wish you would lend me £20, sir." "Call at my counting-house," rejoined Hansom. John was not long in paying his respects. "What security can you give me, young gentleman?" "My personal security, sir." "Very well, get in here," said Hansom, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaimed John, in astonishment, "what for?" "Why, this is where I always keep my personal securities."

AMONG the fish of the United States the cod comes first in money value, the salmon second, the mackerel third, and then the menhaden. In weight the last stands highest.

YANKEE CHARON.

BY PAUL M. HUSSELL.

In days of old, as we are told,
Beside the Styx and the old
Old Charon dwelt with whom all dead
Who sought the other side.

And for his task, he each would ask
A obol in return.
I every gent who lacked a cent
He left the cent to turn.

And motley crowds, in funeral shrouds,
Awaited on the shore;
And there would stand who could not pay
A hundred years of more.

Among the throng that came along,
New England sent a man—
'Twas Eli Brown, of Boston town,
Who had o'erstepped life's span.

He lacked the tin to let him in
To the Elysian grove;
As oath he swore that he no more
By Styx's tide would rove.

He picked up sticks and 'gan to fix
A raft on which to float;
An Irishman who 'd year at hand
He hired to build the boat.

Says Pat, "Be gone, a payin' job
'Twould be for you and me
With fine deatle that had to chafe,
And row there over free."

Then Eli said, "Twas in my head
That very thing to do,
Now, launch her in, and we'll begin
To run our vessel, too."

"By darn," said he, "just wait and see
How we will run this boat;
Pat, holler loud and get a crowd,
Got every soul there afloat."

Pat "hollered" loud and got a crowd
Upon the new-made boat,
Then Eli said "For every head
I'll take a ten-cent note."

When Charon saw the nat'ral law
Transgressed by Eli Brown,
He scratched his head and sadly said,
"My price of fare goes down."

They traveled o'er from shore to shore—
These rival boats—all day,
Brown brought a load each time he rowed
Because he asked no pay.

When not one more was on the shore
The crew their oars laid down,
Then Charon spoke and silence broke
Unto Eli Brown:

"What god art thou who guid'st that prow
What god, by Jove sent down?"
Then Eli Brown, with tempest frown,
"By Jove, I'm Eli Brown."

They row the Styx; the price they fix
An obol for each way;
Pat 's at the oar, while Charon snores,
And Brown takes in the pay.

MY JEALOUS NEIGHBOR.

BY UNCLE LUTZ.

"Lay by your pen, kind friend, and speak to me. Counsel me; condemn me; pity me. Anything, anything to divert my mind, for my heart is breaking."

These words, half a wail and half a whisper, fell suddenly upon my ear with such a pathetic appeal for sympathy that, had a knife pierced my heart, its keen throb of pain could not have been greater. My pen dropped from my fingers, and I felt, in that moment of sudden transition from mystic realms of dreamland, that the sorrow of some soul had been wrapped around my heart like a mantle thrown around my person.

Turning around there stood, leaning yearningly toward me, the charming young wife of my esteemed friend and neighbor, Charley. She had run across their garden into my sanctum, unexpected and unannounced. We had long been intimate neighbors, so this liberty did not surprise; but her strange, heart-rending appeal startled me.

"Minnie," I said—she was always Minnie to me—calmly and kindly as my surprised state would admit, "what is it?" Tell me your trouble, my child, and whatever I can do you know I am yours to command.

At the sound of my quiet, studied voice, her wild, flashing eyes filled with great glistening tears, and hiding her face in her hands she sank into a chair and sobbed like a child. And a child she always seemed to me, though twenty fruitful autumns had graced her with their maturing charms. In view of my years, which so greatly contrasted with hers and her husband's, they had looked upon me, or at least she had, more in the light of a Platonic father than a stranger with mortal desires and passions. But, as God is my witness, I never looked upon this bewilderingly beautiful young girl-wife with other sensations than those experienced in beholding a beautiful flower or other attraction of nature. I was ever a passionate admirer of all beauty in nature, and felt an awe and adoration for the same, whether in the plant or animal kingdom. True, I was not unmindful of those superior attractions peculiarly applicable to her by virtue of her sex, when contrasted with other objects worthy of admiration, else I would not have been a manly man. But to be more explicit, my loyalty to her state was as chaste as my admiration for the flowers blooming in her garden. She was always free, joyous and happy; mingling her silvery voice with the songs of the early birds of morning; and her musical laugh borne on the calm of the evening breeze to my tired mind was a cheering remembrance of frequent occurrence. Many a fresh bouquet and tempting dish found its way on my table, placed there by her own little hands, prompted, I knew, by the purest and kindest impulses of her womanly heart. Sometimes she and her husband would drop in for a neighborly chat, often begging their kind uncle, as they were wont to address me, to read to them from my storehouse of lore; and oft the wife would draw me away from myself in a train of conversation which only her intelligent tact and appreciative attention could do. All this freedom of neighborly intercourse had broken down all conventional barriers, so much so that artless Minnie often ran in alone with some question to ask, a bit of news to tell, or as before stated some delicacy for the palate, or blossom for the eye to feast on. In turn, I lent her books, ran in with a fresh newspaper, or perhaps a new poem clipped from some publication, and conferred each with the other upon its merits and demerits—youth, beauty and freshness, and age and sage experience balancing the scales of our judgments. But never before had neighbor Charley's wife Minnie appealed to me for sympathy. Many, many a care, many a saddened thought had her opportune presence and cheering smiles dispelled from my life's experience; and now the little dazzling constellation of mirth and loveliness was transformed to a sorrow-stricken woman appealing to me for a word to soothe, a cooling draught to heal the pain of her newly-tried heart. But what was the cause of her trouble? I will tell you, reader, and how near I innocently and uncon-

sionally came to wrecking my young neighbor's happiness for life. "Minnie," I said again, "pray do not cry. Tell me, my dear neighbor, word for word, if you wish me to know all your troubles." And I drew near her, and, unreservedly as a father might fold his infant child in his arms, gently drew my arms about her sinking, trembling form.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, drawing back, "you—you must not do so, you—forgive me, kind friend, but—but you have no right to comfort me now. You can no longer be a father to me. You must go away from here immediately, until Charley—" She hesitated, looking at me through her tears, her hands tightly clasped now beneath her turbulently-heaving breast in an attitude of uncertain despair.

"Why, Minnie—why, you greatly puzzle me," I stammered. "Tell me at once what has happened? Why must I go away?"

"Because, Charley—he's terribly angry—calls you awful names, and says he'll have you arrested, and charges me with—with being unfaithful. Oh, such a tirade of inconsistencies I never before heard uttered," she breathlessly answered.

"Where is Charley?" I asked.

"Gone to get a warrant for you. Oh, sir, please make haste. Only think of the scandal! He is so angry he will not reason. He—he—" She broke down then with hysterical sobs. I here made known to her with more sternness than I felt that she must calm herself and explain at once, as it was all a mystery to me, and I could not judge how to act. I gave her to understand, however, that I certainly should not run away—that if I was deserving of being arrested the officer would find me ready to do his bidding. This had the effect to calm her somewhat, and between her anxious fear, lest some uniformed servant of the law should really burst in upon us, and her efforts to further explain, changing alternately to me, and running to the window, I finally obtained an intelligent understanding of the case. "You know, sir, the other morning when I ran in with the roses, the first in bloom, and told you that the evening before I saw they were opening, and so had arisen unusually early that morning, because I knew they would be open and fresh; and—other things besides I said which I do not now remember. But—oh, sir, you know I meant no harm, do you not? Oh, say you know it, my dear friend—say you know it!" Thus the poor wounded child-wife continued her explanation.

I hastened to assure her that she said nothing censurable on the occasion in question; that in all our friendly intercourse she had ever conducted herself with the grace and purity of an angel; that any one who thought differently was a consummate brute, any one who declared to the contrary was an infamous liar.

"O, don't say that," she pleaded, "for that means Charley."

"But I'll never take it back," I replied, "Charley or no Charley."

"He was just entering his carriage at our door, you know," she continued, "and could easily hear all that was said, and, as he drove out of the yard, could see us."

I remembered that such was the fact, and nodded assent. "And, as I gave the roses to you, I said some complimentary words relative to the merits of your last-published article, you remember; spoke of the thrilling pleasure the perusal of it gave me, and how plain and easy it seemed to make life's duties; that I never expected to meet any thorns in my pathway now that your splendid words had removed all fears of your frail friend, and for which reason I had removed all the thorns from the roses which I brought you, and—one had pierced my thumb, which you kindly removed."

"I think those were your very words; at least their import. And your rough physician praised your bravery in bearing the pain; eh, my child," I replied, my eyes feasting on the versatile, earnest expressions of her fair, care-clouded face, bespeaking such beauty germs of character.

"Yes—and sir—just as Charley drove by, do—do you—do you know what you did to—to me?" she asked, with trembling, anxious simplicity of an innocent child.

"I took the bouquet, Minnie, did I not, and thanked you for it?"

"Oh, yes, but—but something else you did, sir. I thought nothing of it then, nor do I now, and would never have spoken of it only Charley saw it, and—and he is irretrievably angry, I fear."

"Angry at me, Minnie, for some offense of mine when you gave me the roses?" I curiously inquired.

"Angry at you for that, and angry at me for not repenting it, and for what he is pleased to term my 'seductive, siren ways and language.' He says you are—I'll not tell you what he said, but he blames me the most. Oh, what shall we do? I am sure we are innocent of any ill intent, sir."

I assured her I could remember nothing which should have given offense—that I was sure there had been no acts or words between us of a censurable nature; and mentally I cursed the contemptible jealousy that could so blindly misunderstand and wound the most excellent and faithful of wives.

"I see you do not remember," she said, "so I will tell you." And the first blush of maidenly modesty which bore a tinge of shame that I ever saw mantle that sweet young face o'erspread it then, while the look she gave me, expressive of firm faith in my honor, and of a noble friendship—a friendship of the mind and soul—so far divorced from all disloyalty to legal ties of earthly relationships that I vowed then and there with all my heart a reverence for such beauty and purity of character, and bemoaned the fact that it was ever the fate of such to become bound to mortals whose affections are only prompted by desire, and who look upon every manifest emotion of the heart through glasses blurred by the smoke of lust.

"When I reached the roses up to you," she continued, "and made what Charley in his madness termed my 'little siren speech,' you, in taking them, some way clasped both of my hands together in yours with the roses; and, as you exclaimed, 'Thanks, dear Minnie; Heaven blesses women of your kindly nature and purity of purpose,' you pressed my hands to your lips; and

had Charley seen the tears which fell from your eyes like dew upon the roses, and dropped warm on my hands, I—I know, sir, he could not have misjudged the emotion which prompted your caress." So saying she threw her head down on the table and sobbed afresh, begging of me to see her husband and compel him to listen to an explanation, as he was so angry he would not heed a word she said.

"Then this is what is breaking your heart, is it, child?" I asked, placing my hand upon her drooping head, and thoughtfully stroking her luxuriant, wavy tresses, falling about her snowy, dimpled shoulders and fitfully floating, bewildering veil o'er her turbulent bosom.

"Narrow minds and bigoted souls of licentious tendencies and pious spinsters of forced celibacy, and young husbands with false and fanciful ideas of passion and gallantry, and old male croakers with no elements left save their shriveling forms publishing their lost manhood, may scoff at the idea of an exalted affection between the sexes, bound by no ties save their God-given right of existing in the same world, my friend," I said; "may scoff, if they will, at the idea of an uncalm appreciation of beauty, bearing the unmistakable imprint of divine fiat; but whatever inference such may have drawn from past words and acts of mine I care not, and frankly confess to you that, in this supreme moment of great indignation and conflicting emotions, when grave questions throng and knock at the window of the mind and reverberate on my tensioned heart strings, I experience a new thrill of supreme admiration for my young friend, humbled here before me in all the glory of her endowments, and know and feel that my life will be brighter and better for it; and above all I realize that she is the true wife of my respected neighbor, and that I experience no feelings of disloyalty to the sacred relationship existing between you—husband and wife; my only regret being that he so little realizes what a sterling prize he possesses; that he seems to know not, as I know, that, were she encompassed by dangerous associations, the impregnable shield of her virtue would avail her in thought and deed." All this and very much more I said to her, with my hand stroking her hair, and she, amid broken sobs, defending her husband if I chanced to cast a reflection upon him. For this I admired her, as I had only sought to stimulate her to a realizing sense of her position in the matter, preparing her for a defensive stand against his accusations.

"Now, Minnie," I concluded, "go and bring your husband face to face with us, you the crushed flower, and I the useless tare in a once-blooming garden of love and beauty."

She arose as I ceased speaking, calm now, but very pale, and her eyes dim with weeping.

"Yes, kind sir," she said, "I will bring Charley if—if he will come, and all will be made right again."

"It's all right, my darling wife," exclaimed a manly voice, and her husband rushed in our presence. Throwing one arm around the yielding form of his now-joyous and radiant wife, and extending his other hand to me, he begged my pardon and hers, and reproached himself with all the significant epithets he could command. "I have heard and seen all your interview," he continued. "I followed you, Minnie, when you first ran in here instead of going after a warrant, and have been hiding at the door. I was ashamed of it; but oh! I am twice glad now, for I have seen my folly, and will never doubt my pet again."

I assured him he had my forgiveness. "This," said I, "has been an eventful day to you, my neighbor—the greatest day of your life; for it has taught you the sterling worth and character of her who, though your wife, you knew so little of. It has taught you, neighbor Charley, that you are fortunately possessor of the very best gift under heaven to man—a beautiful, philanthropic, pure and tenderly faithful wife."

"I know it, uncle; I know it," he exclaimed; "God bless you! You and she have taught it to me in the last half hour. And can you ever forgive me, darling?" she asked of Minnie.

"Yes, yes, Charley; it's all forgiven. I am, O! so happy again, my dear husband, you do not know!" Then, heaving a long sigh, as of a great relief, with her hand upon her heart, she added, "There is no more pain here now."

And sweetly joyous beamed her eyes, through her tears, looking up at us; beamed with a wife's love-light for him, and a pure woman's friendship-light for me.

After they left me, in each other's arms, with my blessing, Charley ran back from half way across the garden to again grasp my hand; and Minnie, too, half beside herself with childish happiness, laughingly ran back after him.

Thus this happy couple, with the warm, tender joy of a new betrothal, sought the sanctity of their own home, leaving the loneliness of their absence with me.

This, kind reader, was the trouble I and my neighbor's wife had innocently caused; and, while the affair taught me greater discretion in the future, I think Charley never again became jealous of any one's appreciation of his splendid wife.—Chicago Ledger.

Not in the Play.

The humors of the stage are oftentimes impromptu and entirely unforeseen. A real mule was recently one of the attractions in the play of the "Forty Thieves," as produced in Virginia City, Nev. The result is described by the Chronicle as follows:

No sooner had Ali come out of the cave with his bags of wealth, and attempted to put them on the back of the beast, than he began his part of the performance. He let fly with his heels, kicked the savings (the supposed riches) out of the bags, kicked down the cavern, kicked down the wings, kicked the end of the base-viol leaning against the stage to pieces, smashed the footlights, and finally doubled up Ali by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. A rope was fastened around him, and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company.

SEN THOMAS HESKETH, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is engaged to be married to Miss Flora, daughter of United States Senator Sharon, of Nevada.

ALL SORTS.

The Mormons are planting a colony in Salt River valley, Wyoming.

A biting dog deserves to have fleas; the biter should be bitten.

SARA BERNHARDT weighs 110 pounds. Her wardrobe fills eighteen trunks.

The Prince of Wales has presented President Grevy with a gun and four setter dogs.

PRESIDENT HAYES has accepted an election as Vice President of the American Bible Society.

The Archbishop of Quebec, Can., advises all clergymen under his charge not to interfere in politics.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH lives in the house Henry Ward Beecher built when an Indianapolis pastor.

The colporteurs of the American Bible Society distributed 10,253 Bibles in Texas during the last four months.

SOUTHERN planters hope to find the English sparrows an efficient remedy for the ravages of cotton worms.

PARTRIDGES have not been so scarce for many years in London. Well-grown young birds are sold at \$1.75 per brace.

The subscription to the fund for the Cincinnati Art Museum has reached the sum of \$250,000, leaving only \$50,000 to be raised.

The deadly quicksand in the San Pedro river, Arizona, lately swallowed up a carriage containing a gentleman and three ladies.

The railroad up Vesuvius has done such a flourishing business since its opening that the value of the stock has increased 50 per cent.

"MARRIED"—In Chillicothe, Iowa, Herbert L. Rollingstone and Emma J. Moss. Thus does one familiar proverb receive a death-blow.

FOR several years the estate of Postmaster General Maynard, in Tennessee, has been in charge of a man who was, at one time, one of its movable chattels.

SIXTEEN young Indian girls have arrived at Northfield, Mass., from the Indian Territory, to enter Mr. Moody's school. Their traveling expenses were paid by Jay Gould.

EMPERESS ELIZABETH of Austria, whom a Paris gossip styles "the first Amazon of the world," is about to receive, it is said, the title of honorary Colonel of a regiment of Russian Uhlans.

TERESA TUA, of Turin, a young girl of 13, bore off the first prize as a violinist at the Paris Conservatory last year. She has been offered \$40,000 for a five years' tour through the United States.

ITALIAN laborers at home and abroad stick to their national diet of bread, macaroni, and fruit, with an occasional dish of meat. In Italy this diet is based on necessity and abroad on economy.

THE Revue des Deux Mondes, founded fifty years ago, and to-day the principal review in France, failed to pay during the first twenty years of its career. It now numbers 20,000 subscribers at \$10 a year.

DR. HASTINGS, of Boston, says he would as soon think of hiring some man to eat his breakfast as to hire some one to do his singing in church. According to his view, singing is the natural expression of religious joy.

JOHN BRIGHT is in better health than he has enjoyed for several years. It is said that he often takes notes, in the House, as if intending to make a speech, but when the time comes changes his mind and tears up the notes.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the express train known popularly in England as "The Flying Dutchman" has been taken as it passed through Twyford station, on the Great Western railway, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, by a photographer of Henley.

THERE is a revival in crochet in England, but instead of being done in white thread it is made in colors, both laces and quilts being worked in two contrasting hues. Germans crochet jackets of cotton for small children, instead of using worsted, as is the custom in America.

GEX. GRANT stamps as absurd the story that a \$10,000 set of diamonds, presented him by a Japanese Prince, was stolen from him by his Private Secretary and sold to a Washington pawnbroker for \$5,000. He never had such a present and never met such a loss.

DANIEL J. DONOHUE, the boss warbler of Brooklyn, challenges the world at large and anybody in particular to whistle with him for \$50 to \$500 a side and the championship of America. He lays great stress on the flute-like character of his piping, and defies the universe to match it.

SAYS the Philadelphia Times: "The sooner a girl selects which course she will take, the better it will be for her. She may go to school and learn, or she may take an exclusive course of party and grow up a beautiful dancer. The season advances, and the girl should make her choice early."

Two Patriarchal Apple Trees.

In Skowhegan, Me., are two russet apple trees; the oldest was planted in 1762. The tree is seven feet from the ground to the branches, five in number, all of which are very large and average thirty-five feet in length, covering a space of ground six feet three feet in diameter. In these branches a playhouse for children has been built for half a century or more. Anywhere from the ground to the branches it measures thirteen and a half feet. The tree is more than four and a half feet in diameter, and it has been a good bearer—from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of apples have been picked from it each year. But the frost and rain have made a seam in the branches, and recently one of them has broken, but the other four are green and bring forth their fruit in due season. The other tree, forty-eight years younger, is a sprout of the old tree. It stands thirty-two feet from the old tree, and bears the same kind of apples, is three feet in diameter, and perfect in every way.

SOME time ago a dead body curiously browned, as if cooked, was found at Fontainebleau, and sent to the Paris morgue. It was identified as a mummy, by a person who had brought it from Egypt, but he was arrested on suspicion of foul play, and had to get the evidence of scientists to procure his acquittal. All Paris was agog about the matter, and a clever dramatist worked the incident into a play.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

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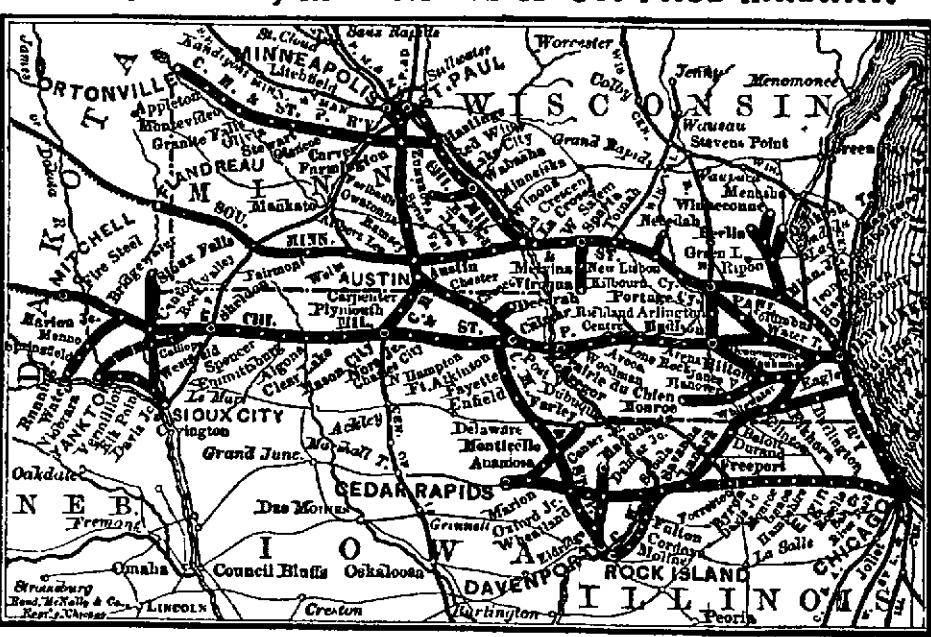
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CAMP OF THE SIXTH.

Interesting Items for the Benefit of Their Old Friends.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

WHITE RIVER AGENCY, Col., Oct. 28.—We have caught the Indian summer. We grasp it tightly, but some days it gives us the slip and we get, well—Hail and rain pretty well mixed, for a few hours. At present the weather is—oh! just splendid, and the nights are of that sort which bashful lovers, who linger at the gate, prefer—pleasant, you know, but just dark enough to prevent the old folks from seeing the pantomime. It is a matter of regret that this weather can't be utilized, but lovers at White River must bide their time—likewise the new quarters.

If Sam Whitney were here what an opportunity he would have to select stars for his Opera House. "K" company here tofore has been noted for the "talent" among its members, but it has recently gained some excellent performers. Their impromptu evening concerts are decidedly good, and remind one of that drop curtain whereon was inscribed "Future Bismarck."

I notice that some of the boys as soon as they are discharged, take the back trail for Minnesota and Dakota. Some who have yet a while to tarry are growing economical and saving up their salary with a view to journeying Dakotawards in the coming spring. Those who have got the land fever will no doubt come out all right.

We are still a busy community. Two large parties at the log camps, getting out logs and the wagon trains daily bringing them into camp. Then the hawking and placing in position with all the other attendant work, at a camp where the main idea is to get comfortable shelter for the winter, necessarily keeps all hands hard at work. Quartermaster Penney has commenced a comfortable "shack" for Col. Moore and it is expected that all the log houses for the officers will be ready for roofing by the time the material arrives. The quarters for the companies have been ready sometime.

The papers have, of late, contained a great deal of news in connection with the killing of Jackson, a freighter, by the Utes, at Ouray, Col., and throughout that section great excitement prevailed. Yesterday "Yellowstone Kelly" came in with the news that some white men and a party of Indians were approaching and would soon be in camp. On their arrival it was found the party contained three of the gentlemen whom some of the papers have accused of intentionally giving up young Jackson to the Utes; they are Col. Meacham, Capt. Hoyt and Indian Agent Berry. Deputy Marshal Smith was in charge of the party. They have had a rough journey across country, for six days, but preferred this route to travel through a region of country where violence has been openly threatened. Col. Meacham, who yet feels the effects of the wounds received from the Modocs at the time of Gen. Canby's death, defends the action of Agent Berry, in the strongest terms, and says, "Though it may not be correct in law, it was done with the best intention, and under the impression that it was the only thing that would avert trouble." He refers to the sending of Jackson under the citizen guard instead of the military. For one who has received such rough usage, at the hands of the red brothers, Col. Meacham certainly seems astonishingly fond of them. He represents Agent Berry as an unimpeachable man, one who would scorn to do a mean action, and is in fact, incapable of it, and says that he does not attempt to elude investigation, rather courts it, but he does not have any inclination to be mobbed. He also speaks of the Indian killed by the white men, as remarkably good. Whether this means after he was killed or not, I am unable to say. The party who were very much fatigued and rather hungry, were courteously cared for by Col. Moore and left this morning for Rawlins, Wyo.; from thence they go to Cheyenne by rail. How!!! REX.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS.

J. ROGERS & CO.
Liquors and Cigars
WHOLESALE.
98 Main Street, - - Bismarck, D. T.
TAILOR.

T.J. TULLY,
FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailor,
No. 35 Main Street,
Bismarck, - - Dakota.

SEMINARY.
ST. MARY'S HALL,
FARIBAULT, MINN.
Rev. Rev. H. B. WAITE, D. D., Rector.
Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.
This is one of the best appointed and most thorough boarding schools for young ladies in the country, and offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. It is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with ten experienced teachers. A foreign teacher resides at the Hall for daily conversation, as well as class instruction, in French and German. The fifteenth anniversary will be held on Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1890. For registers, containing full information concerning the school, and for admission, address Bishop Wagner, Faribault, Minn. Sept 5

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

McLean & Macnider
Wholesale Grocers,
NO. 54 MAIN STREET.
Steamboat and Freighters' Supplies
Agents for all kinds of Improved Farm Machinery.
Sole Agents for the Schlitz Milwaukee Export Beer.

W. A. HOLLEMBÆK,
Wholesale Druggist
—DEALER IN—
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.
BISMARCK, D. T.
A Full Line of all Standard Patent Medicines.
Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN
Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
FURNISHING GOODS,
Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.
GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Main Street, - - Bismarck, D. T.
New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourself. 2011

E. SCHIFFLER,
FINE
Merchant Tailor,
No. 86 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.
A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

HOTEL.
MERCHANTS HOTEL.
Cor. Main and 3d Sts., Bismarck, D. T.
MARSH & WAKEMAN, Props.
Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and fully furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. -2011-

RESTAURANT.
1873 1880
Forster's Restaurant
(Established May, 1873.)
The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.
Board by the day or week.
Meals at all hours.

TAILORING
Just Received!
The finest line of
IMPORTED CLOTHS
From our Philadelphia house for the fall and winter trade. Leave your orders and get the best and cheapest at the Bismarck Tailoring establishment.
GOULD & DARL
GROCERIES
WM. GITSCHKA,
Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware and Stoves. Op (Etc

WOOD-WORKERS.
BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,
Variety Wood Workers.
Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, Etc. Repairing Furniture a specialty. Dunkleberg's shop, opposite U. S. warehouse, Front St.

Natural Fruit Flavors.
Dr. Price's SPECIAL
FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
Prepared from the choicest fruits, without coloring, poisonous oils, acids, or artificial essences. ALWAYS UNIFORM IN STRENGTH, WITHOUT ANY ADULTERATIONS OR IMPURITIES. Have gained their reputation from their perfect purity, superior strength and quality. Admitted by all who have used them as the most delicate, grateful and natural flavor for cakes, puddings, creams, etc., ever made.
Manufactured by
STEELE & PRICE,
Makers of Lapulla Yeast Gums, Cream Baking Powder, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

MEAT MARKET.
Dakota Market.
CHARLES T. BRIEN, Prop'r.
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, etc., etc. Oysters, Fish, and Game of all kinds. In season. Special Goods a specialty.
14-17 N. W. cor. Third and Meigs Sts.

WOOD-WORKERS.
BOSTWICK & ARNOLD,
Variety Wood Workers.
Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Screen Doors, Etc. Repairing Furniture a specialty. Dunkleberg's shop, opposite U. S. warehouse, Front St.

REED'S
TONIC
GILT EDGE
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and diarrhea, loss of the natural force of the system, debility, etc. It can be taken with the most delicate food, and is not interfered with by the use of any other medicine. It is a natural compound of cheap and essential oils, of an old and famous recipe.
FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

THE CONTRAST!
While other Baking Powders are largely ADULTERATED with ALUM and other hurtful drugs,
DR. PRICE'S
CREAM OF BAKING POWDER
has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of this is the fact of its long and successful use to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 15 years.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
Made by
STEELE & PRICE,
Manufacturers of Lapulla Yeast Gums, Special Flavoring Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

MEDICAL.
ALLEN'S COUGH BALSAM.
For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Tickling in the Throat, Consumption, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. This is the best Cough Balsam ever made. It is perfectly harmless, very pleasant to the taste, and is the very best thing known to loosen a cough and heal the lungs. It goes right to the spot and effects an immediate cure. We have sold it for years and have yet to hear of the first case where it has failed to give perfect satisfaction. This Balsam is entirely free from Morphia and opiates of every description, and is not intended simply to alleviate by stupefying the patient, but it is intended to loosen a cough and give permanent relief. It is exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and is admirably adapted to children. Try it.
PRICE, 25 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle.
Prepared by **J. P. ALLEN,**
Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist, ST. PAUL, MINN.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS.
For Sale by **W. A. HOLLEMBÆK,** Bismarck, D. T.

Gaenis Medical Institute.
45 EAST THIRD ST.
SAINT PAUL, MINN.
Established 1881, for the cure of Chronic Diseases, including Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Stricture, and all diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Systems. The Institute is a private medical dispensary, containing 32 pages and over 100 plates and engravings, sent on receipt of fifty cents or stamps. A Private Medical Manual of 32 pages and chart of Questions for stating case sent free. All business strictly confidential. Office hours 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays excepted. Address as above.
DR. FELLER'S
MEDICAL DISPENSARY.
42 Jackson Street, Saint Paul, Minnesota. (Four doors from Merchant's Hotel.)
Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.
NO CURE NO PAY
Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, and all old, lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pain in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder are CURED FOR LIFE.
Young, Middle-Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Syphilis, Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Sexual Power, as the result of self-abuse in youth or excesses of mature years, producing emaciation, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, impotency, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time, where all others have failed, by Dr. Feller.
The doctor is a regular graduate, of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies having been used for over thirty years, and having never failed in curing even the worst cases, he is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation free, or by letter free. Cash and correspondence strictly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours 9 a.m. to 12 m., and 1:30 to 5 p.m. Sundays closed 37-

ELECTRIC RING
YOUTHFUL VIGOR, Lost Energy, Nervous Debility, Lost Hopes, Indigestion in Youth, positively cured. Send for circular. Dr. JAMES, 204 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

W. H. THURSTON & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers,
(78 MAIN STREET, BISMARCK)
Steamboat and Freighters Supplies a Specialty.

CARRIAGE WORKS.
Bismarck Carriage Works.

CARRIAGE & SIGN PAINTING
Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing in all its details a specialty.
W. H. FREDERICKSON. S. J. COOPER.

HARDWARE
D. I. BAILEY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
General Hardware—
Farm Machinery, Stoves, Etc., Etc.
Manufacturers of
Tinware & Housefurnishing Goods.
84, MAIN ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

FURNITURE
J. C. CADY.
Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets, Etc., Trunks and Grip-Sacks.
CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY
No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST. - - BISMARCK D.

JEWELERS
E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.
Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses. Special attention given to all work in our line. Agents for the justly celebrated ROCKFORD WATCHES.

MEAT MARKET
MONTANA MARKET.
Corner Second and Main Streets.
JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH, POULTRY, GAME, Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
H. KARBURG,
INDIAN TRADER,
AND DEALER IN
General Merchandise,
Standing Rock Agency, D. T.

FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES, Pocket Barometers, Compasses, Magnifying Glasses, Microscopes, and Pocket Thermometers. The best goods at lowest prices. P. & J. Beck, Manufacturing Opticians, Philadelphia, Pa. Send stamps for illustrated price-list and mention this paper. All these goods can be sent safely by mail. 7-600

JEWELERS
Day & Plants,
Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also Dealers in all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,
34 N. Fourth St.,
Practical Boot Maker,
— Likewise —
BUILDER OF SHOES
Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEND for our Price List for 1890. FREE to any address upon application. Containing descriptions of every personal or family use with over 1,500 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America to do this. Write for our Price List. Address: 200 N. W. 4th Ave., Chicago, Ill. 7-600

LOCAL LEAVES.

From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

No snow thus far.
Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.
Hay only \$18 per ton in Deadwood.
Patinitza at the opera house Sunday night.

The Nathal Opera Troupe are drawing good houses.

Geo. Peoples has sold over 100 heating stoves this fall.

There has been but six stormy days in the past two months.

The city of Yankton cast 812 votes. Bismarck cast 623.

Wm. Glitschka has just received a large stock of groceries.

The event of the season—Nathal Opera at Whitneys Sunday night.

The Donaldsons, John and Daisy, are back. A. Whitney's every night.

Sam Whitney is now living in his new house on the south side of the track.

Fargo gave the Nathal Opera Company good houses during the entire week.

The Bismarck and Black Hills road will be completed within eighteen months.

John Smith was defeated by a small majority in his run for sheriff of Custer county.

D. I. Bailey has as fine a collection of parlor stoves as can be found in St. Paul or Chicago.

John Whalen is doing an immense grocery business. He is unpacking new goods continually.

The first wire of the Northwestern telegraph company strung in Montana, was placed in position Tuesday last.

There are not many cities of the size of Bismarck that give employment to half a dozen drays and four hacks.

Miss Georgie Morrell, one of Bismarck's old opera house favorites, is meeting with great success at Miles City.

Louis Nathal of the English Opera Troupe, was presented with a \$450 gold watch and chain by the citizens of Winnipeg.

Business men should clear away the boxes and rubbish in front of their stores. Nothing draws trade so much as a clean, attractive front.

Jos. Fox has one of the most inviting sample rooms in the city. The former musical proprietor has gone to Fargo with his orchestra.

Bush & McBratney, Mandan, have dissolved partnership. McBratney continues the business and Hogan, the caterer, is back in his old place.

The Nathal combination, with the exception of Mr. Nathal, Frank Clarke and Miss Lester, are at the Merchants, the above named at the Sheridan.

Emer N. Corey, judge of probate, and J. H. Richards, register of deeds, have moved their offices to the new court house. The other officers will move soon.

Sara Bernhardt weighs 110 pounds; her baggage requires the use of twenty trunks; she is a blonde; she will probably not visit Bismarck until sometime next season.

The Chicago & Northwestern have commenced operations on their road to Bismarck from James river, following the creek. It will probably reach Bismarck next fall.

A sociable will be held by the ladies of the Episcopal Church Society at the residence of Mr. Geo. M. Bird, on Thursday evening, Nov. 18th. All are cordially invited to attend.

Hannafin's rooster, lifting Garfield by the seat of his unmentionables, still decorates the Fourth street democratic headquarters, a relic of the last sad hope of the great unwashed.

The *Critic* says that Judge Bowen, the local railroad agent, has sold more lots in this city during the past two weeks than during any like period since the town's existence.

A street railway is being built at Fargo; the water works are nearly finished and now gas is being put in. Bismarck, go thou and do likewise, let the flower of thy youth fade ere it blossoms.

Edward H. Iselt, a shorthand reporter, left Wapello, Iowa, over a year ago for Montana. Since that time nothing has been heard of him, and an aged mother anxiously waits for tidings of her boy.

A grand social dance is announced for next Thursday evening at the Sheridan House. Arrangements for a good time have been made. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Bismarck String Band.

Judge Barnes sprained his ankle in Fargo the other day and now the side walks are all being repaired. The judge will be here soon to hold court, when, perhaps, the other foot will be sprained, and the Bismarck sidewalkers undergo a like transformation.

Mrs. Bull, wife of Rev. Bull, says: "As the bills of indebtedness on the church are pressing upon us, we would be pleased if all who have unpaid subscription, or all who would wish to add to this matter, would be kind enough to deposit the same to the credit of the Building Fund of the Methodist Church, in the First National Bank, and send us the receipts of the same, that these accounts may be settled as soon as possible, and in the absence of the pastor you would much oblige his wife by so doing."

LETTER-LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for Jan. 18, 1880 (D. T. postoffice for week ending Nov. 12, 1880):

Beadebeck Amelia
Beech Richard
Coyne (Mrs.)
Clark Miss Francis M.
Clancy P. J.
Cottrell P. J.
Creswell Billy
Davis H. M.
Dufour Joseph
Dunker Joseph
Emerson Chas.
Felt Mrs. Chas.
Johnson James J.
Johnson Will C.
Jordan Wm.
Lewars John
Kopler C.
Kearns Thos.
Kerr Thos. M.
Lang P. H.
Lang Philip
Loudway Thomas
McDonough Bart 2
Mand Mrs. D. F.
Miller Charlie

McInerney Catharine
Meyer John
Narveson John
McWilliams Miss Lizzie
McKee Matthew
McDonald Murdoch
Moggy Thomas
Needham Adam
Olson Chas.
Peterson John
Pieper Lizzie
Pierant Miss Mary
Pierant Miss Mary
Rauscher Allen
Richards Belle
Rosen Bridget
Schmidt W. H.
Schneider Ernest U.
Stebbins J. C.
Sutter Meigs
Stack Thos. 2
Starr Wilbur
Taylor J. A. L.
Taylor Wm.
Viana Samuel

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "advertising."

C. A. LOUNSBURY, P. M.

Overcoats, Overcoats.

Schneider, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish everyone with Overcoats at popular prices.

Contract's Made

For coal at St. Paul prices with freight added. J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

The Finest Window

And Linings and choice Cloths, Imported and Domestic, at George Elder's "O. F. C." Restaurant, Fourth street.

The Only Place

in town to find the nobby Cigarette Hat is at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Blank Books and Stationery at DUNN & CO'S.

Best Select Oysters Received daily by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Ask Anybody Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will all tell you to go to THURSTON'S.

All the Rage Those dear little Turban Hats at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Niagara Saloon Merchants Hotel, sets the best luncheon in the city, every night in the week. MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Misses' and Children's Shoes. At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

Send your orders for Oysters to W. H. THURSTON & CO.

First-Class Meals Furnished at Forster's Restaurant on short notice.

Just Received Fifty tons Hard Coal, Two Hundred tons Baby Mine at J. W. RAYMOND & CO'S.

Gilt Edge Butter at Logan's on 3d street.

Screen Doors. Go to Bostwick & Arnold's for screen doors.

Winter Coat Make your arrangements for winter coat before the advance.

Window Glass of all sizes. DUNN & CO.

Oysters, Oysters. The celebrated Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at DRAGG'S.

Attention. I will make it to your interest to call and examine our "Boys' Clothing." Call early for the biggest bargains ever offered by St. Paul Branch Clothing House.

Five Reasons why a Young Man Should Not Injure in a Co-operative or Aid Society.

FIRST—The assessments continue all through life, and if the society should last, he might have to pay sixty years.

SECOND—As the members advance in life, deaths become more frequent, consequently the largest payments come to old age, when, perhaps, they are not able to pay them.

THIRD—Co-operative societies do not grade the payments according to age, as regular life insurance companies do. The Workingmen's aid society is a man in at fifty years of age the same as a young man at twenty-one. The expectation of a man at fifty is about twenty years, while the young man's expectation is over forty years.

FOURTH—If a member in after years leaves the society through inability to pay he does not receive any paid up policy, consequently loses all that he has paid into the society.

FIFTH—All co-operative and mutual aid societies are contingent and uncertain, as the heirs of deceased members have to depend on the members (centered all over the state) paying their assessments. If not paid, they are out.

During the last five years over 135 co-operative and mutual aid societies have failed, but during the last forty years less than sixty regular life insurance companies have failed.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEVER

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renever has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

The Spring Tooth Harrow is the best. Sold by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Select Oysters received daily by express. THURSTON & CO.

Lamps and Pictures A fine selection at DUNN & CO'S.

Marsh & Wakeman Have fitted up the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their fine lunch.

You should Stop at the Merchants When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed. MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Mama, buy me a suit and overcoat for the cold weather at St. Hanauer's. He sells an awfully cheap new suit as he wants to get rid of his entire stock of Boys' and Youth's Suits and Overcoats.

Forster's on 3d St. Is the Place. Where you can get the heat day board in Bismarck at \$5 per week.

Spring Tooth Harrows, all sizes, at W. H. THURSTON & CO'S.

Logan, of Third Street, has a quantity of feed for sale.

Good Stabling. Good stabling in connection with the Merchants Hotel. MARSH & WAKEMAN.

\$72 a week \$12 a day at home family use. \$25 a week \$4 a day at home family use. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO E. G. RICH & CO., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address J. H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid sole lace and buttoned boots, the newest yet at MARSHALL'S.

AGENT AND CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. RICH & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for their Catalogue and terms. 16y1

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

For Sale. E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 2611

For Sale. Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Sullivan, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road. 2611

For Rent. Elegantly furnished Rooms with excellent board at reasonable prices. Enquire of Mrs. Merry, Third St., Bismarck, D. T. 1617

For Rent or Sale. The store room in the Turner block. Enquire of S. Bellack, Stillwater, Minn. 1617

Hotelists and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Wanted. Situation as teamster or at any other labor. Strictly Temperate. Address through post office to W. F. Bredin. 25*

Wanted. A position in a store or office, by a gentleman of ability, who can make himself useful in most any capacity. Address S. V. W. City Post Office. 25*

Wanted. Situation. A young man wishes employment of any kind where he can make himself useful. Is a fair clerk and willing to work at anything that is not dishonorable. Address lock box 63, Bismarck. 24 25

Wanted. A good servant girl. Enquire of W. M. HARMON. 2311.

Wanted. A Port York 25 wood choppers to commence work at once. To good men employment guaranteed until February 1. Will pay from One Dollar and One Dollar and Fifty Cents per cord, according to location. H. S. PARRIN, Agent for Contractor. 23 25

Wanted. 200 acres Stubble Plowing to let in late to suit contractors. Shelter furnished horses and men. Price \$2.25 per acre; application to be made at once to Cuyler Adams, manager Spiritwood Farm. 2617

Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN. F. J. CALL.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of PLANNERY & WETHERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 411th and 48th Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Advertisements. LADIES' shoe specialty. Large in voice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

Let your watch regulated at Day & Plante, 18 1/2, Main street.

An Excellent Lunch At the Merchants' bar every evening.

LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO., Dealers in

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers,

Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty. 2611

Free Gift! TO ALL who enter

with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, General or Local, Wasting, Decay, Urinary Diseases, Spinal Diseases, Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc., to whom will be sent my book "Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many lives, by curing ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. Send Symptom and stamp for Diagnosis to DR. C. H. FORBES, 174 W. Fourth St. Cincinnati, O.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Collegeville, Stearns Co., Minn.

This Famous Institution of Learning will resume Wednesday September 1, 1880.

The Situation is the Most Delightful and most healthy in the Northwest.

The course of study is unsurpassed and embraces all grades from primary grades from Primary School to University Classes.

The professors are experienced and efficient teachers.

The best Business and Professional men of this and adjoining States recommend it. The charge is only \$15.00 per month for board and tuition.

The Institution invites inspection and direct competition. For particulars, send for Catalogue. Address: Rev. R. V. ALEXANDER, President.

CLOTHING.

CAMPAGN OF 1880.

Sig. Hanauer

OF THE

St. Paul Branch

Clothing

House

is in the field and would kindly invite your attention to the largest and best selected stock of goods in the city. I will make it decidedly to your interest to call and examine goods and prices before buying elsewhere.

MY STOCK

consists of ready made Clothing, selected from the

BEST MANUFACTORIES

in the land. Gents' Furnishing Goods ranging from the cheapest to the finest kept in any Broadway Store in New York.

HATS AND CAPS.

My stock comprises the Stetson, and Derby, and all of the latest Novelties of the season.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

My stock is the best and I sell only the best goods made, at

EASTERN PRICES.

Come one and thousands to the ST. PAUL BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE, where you can expect to find a square deal.

Sig. Hanauer,

46 MAIN STREET.

Opp. Postoffice, Bismarck, D. T.

DRY GOODS.

GRAND DISPLAY OF

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets.

A FULL LINE OF

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets.

I wish to inform the people in the city and surrounding country that I have received my full winter stock, which is now open for inspection. My stock consists of all the latest novelties and staples, as below mentioned. Give us a call and see all the latest styles.

Our Assortment in Shawls, Cloaks, Dolmas, Ulsters, Felt and Flannel Skirts is now complete, and can not be excelled in the Northwest.

Ladies', Gent's and Children's Underwear

A Specialty, in all sizes and qualities. Children's Combination and Single Suits.

OUR LINE OF HOSIERY

Is Complete in Ladies' and Children's French, British and Domestic and almost any shade and quality.

OUR DRESS DEPARTMENT

Is Complete and contains, as usual, the Latest Novelties in the Market. In Cashmeres I have almost any shade and quality, and Trimmings to match. Also a full line of APPLETON DRESS FLANNELS.

LADIES' CLOTHS AND REPELLANTS,

A Complete Assortment.

Flannels of all Colors in Quilt and Pressed.

YARNS, YARNS, YARNS.

In Yarns I have a larger and better assortment than any former year. I have a full line of the celebrated Cashmere Yarn never before kept in Bismarck; also a full line of Germantown and Zephyr Wools; also Java, Honeycomb and Burlap Canvas, Slipper Patterns, &c.

LADIES' SHOES.

I have my full fall stock of Ladies' and Children's shoes; the best assortment in town, and will be sold at the lowest prices

We are daily receiving New Fall Goods, and people living up or down the country, who cannot leave to examine these goods, will please send for samples. All orders will be promptly attended to.

Remember the place,

DAN. EISENBERG.

Raymond's brick block, next door to postoffice, Bismarck.

DRY GOODS.

GRAND

OPENING

FINEST FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

Dry Goods and Notions,

Ever brought to the Territory, at

W. B. WATSON'S.

Ladies be sure and see this Fine Display of

Goods, consisting of

Black and Colored Silks and Satins.

Damasse novelties in Silk Velvet

and Plush.

Plain Velvets, Handkerchief Suits,

Cashmere and Momie Cloths.

Serges in all Shades, at astonishing

low figures.

CLOAKS, CLOAKS.

No. 80 Main St.

DRY GOODS.

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